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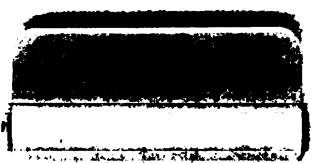
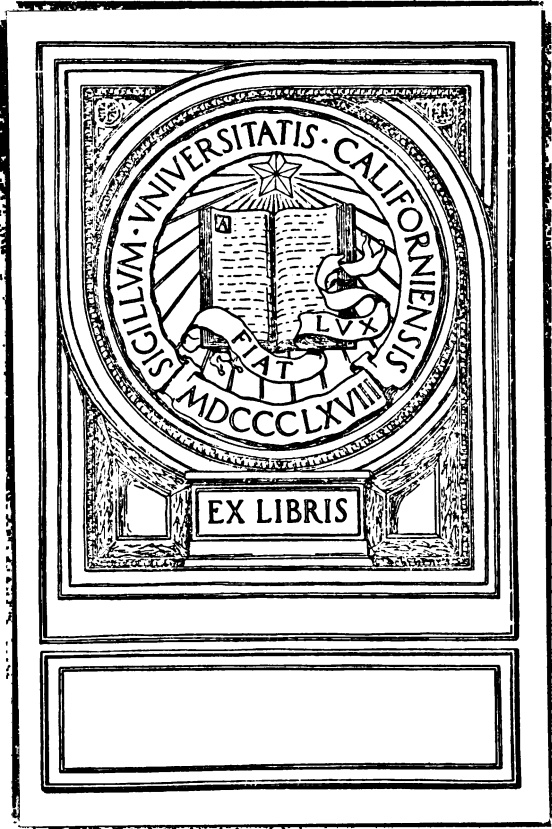
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7 R. M.

THE QUEEN'S ATRIMONIAL LADDER,

A National Toy,
WITH FOURTEEN STEP SCENES;
AND
ILLUSTRATIONS IN VERSE,
WITH EIGHTEEN OTHER CUTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE POLITICAL HOUSE THAT
JACK BUILT."

The question is not merely whether the Queen shall have her rights, but whether the rights
of any individual in the kingdom shall be free from violation."

Her Majesty's Answer to the Norwich Address.



"Here is a Gentleman, and a friend of mine!"

Measure for Measure.

Twenty-first Edition.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY AND FOR WILLIAM HONE, LUDGATE-HILL.

1820.

This Pamphlet and the Toy together,
ONE SHILLING.

DA538
A22H6
1820

‘It is a wonderful thing to consider the strength of Princes’ wills when they are bent to have their Pleasure fulfilled, wherein no reasonable persuasions will serve their turn: how little do they regard the dangerous sequels, that may ensue as well to themselves as to their Subjects. And amongst all things there is nothing that makes them more wilful than Carnal Love, and various affecting of voluptuous desires.”

Cavendish's Memoirs of Card. Wolsey.

NOTE.

All the Drawings for this Publication are
By MR. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.



Give not thy strength unto women, nor thy ways to that which destroyeth kings.

Solomon.

QUALIFICATION.

In love, and in drink, and o'ertopped by debt;
With women, with wine, and with duns on the fret.

M84828



Lured from her own, her native home,
 The home of early life,
 And doom'd in stranger realms to roam;
 A widow ! yet a wife !

Phillips's Lament.

ACCEPTATION.

From the high halls of Brunswick, all youthful and
 gay,

From the hearth of her fathers, he lured her away :
 How joy'd she in coming—

how smiling the bower;

How sparkling their nuptials—

how welcome her dower,

Ah ! short were her pleasures—full soon came her
 cares—

Her husbandless bride-bed was wash'd with her
 tears.



The most desolate woman in the world!

Thy daughter, *then*, could hear thee weep ;

But now she sleeps the dreamless sleep.

Phillips's Lament.

ALTERATION.

Near a million of debts gone,

all gone were her charms—

What! 'an Epicure have *his own* wife

in his arms?

She was not to his *taste*—

what car'd *he* for the 'form,'

'To love and to cherish'

could not mean reform :

'To love' meant, of course, nothing else

but neglect ;—

'To cherish' to leave her,

and shew disrespect.



—faded appetite resign'd
The victim up to shame.

Phillips's Lament.

IMPUTATION.

Was it manly, when widow'd,
to spy at her actions ;
To listen to eaves-droppers,
whisp'ring detractions ;
And, like an old WATCHMAN,
with faults to conceal,
Get up a *false Charge*,
as a proof of his zeal ?
If desertion was base, Oh base be his name,
Who, having deserted, would bring her to shame !



'A hundred thousand welcomes!'

Coriolanus.

REMIGRATION.

Still pursued, when a 'wanderer,'

her child sleeps in death,

And her best friend, in England, her king,

yields his breath;

This gives her new rights—

they neglect and proscribe her;

She threatens returning—they then try to bribe her!

The bullies turn slaves, and, in meanness, fawn on her!

They feel her contempt, and they vow her dishonour;

But she 'steers her own course,' comes indignantly

over,

And the shouts of the nation salute her at Dover!



He smelt—O Lord! how he did smell!

Southey's Minor Poems, vol. iii. p. 166.

CONSTERNATION.

Ah, what was that groan!—

'twas the Head of the Church,

When he found she was come—

for he dreaded a search

Into what *he'd* been doing :

and sorely afraid, for

What *she* might find out,

cried ' *I'll not have her pray'd for* ' ;

And the B——ps, obeying their *pious* Head,

care took

That the name of his wife

should be out of the prayer book !

“—— A BURNING SHAME!”



—— I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me a cuckold.

—— What false Italian
(As poisonous tongued as handed) hath prevailed
On thy too ready hearing?

Cymbeline.

ACCUSATION.

On searching for precedents, much to their dread,
They found that they could n't well cut off her head ;

And the 'House of Incurables' raised a 'Report'
She was not a fit person to live in *his* Court.
How like an OLD CHARLEY

they then made him stand,
In his lanthorn a *leech*,
the 'Report' in his hand.

' Good folks be so good as not go near that door
' For, though my own wife, she *is*—I could say more
' But it's all in this *Bag*, and there'll be a fine pother,
' I shall get rid of her, and I'll then get another!'

Yet he thought, to himself,—
'twas a thought most distressing,—
' If *she* should discover
I've been M—ch—ss—g,
' There's an end of the whole!
D——rs C——ns, of course,
' If *my own* hands are dirty,
won't grant a D——ce!"

He tried to look wise, but he only look'd wild;
The women laugh'd out, and the grave even smiled;
The old frown'd upon him—the children made sport,
And his wife held her *ridicule* at his 'Report'!

MORAL.

Be warn'd by his fate
Married, single, and all;
Ye elderly Gentlemen,
Pity his fall !



Give me but the Liberty of the Press, and I will give to the minister a venal
House of Peers. *Sheridan.*

PUBLICATION.

As yon bright orb, that vivifies our ball,
Sees through our system, and illumines 'all ;

So, sees and shines, our MORAL SUN, THE PRESS,
Alike to vivify the mind, and bless ;
Sees the rat *Leech* turn towards Milan's walls,
'Till the black slime betrays him as he crawls ;
Sees, from that recreant, vile, and eunuch-land,
Where felon-perjurers hold their market-stand,
Cooke, with his 'cheek of parchment, eye of stone,'
Get up the evidence, to go well down ;
Sees who, with eager hands, the Green Bag cram,
And warns the nation of the frightful flam ;
Sees Him, for whom they work the treacherous
task,

With face, scarce half conceal'd, behind their mask,
Fat, fifty-eight, and frisky, still a beau,
Grasping a half-made match, by *Leech*-light go ;
Led by a passion, prurient, blind, and batter'd,
Lame, bloated, pointless, flameless, age'd and
shatter'd ;

Creeping, like Guy Fawkes, to blow up his wife,
Whom, spurn'd in youth, he dogs through after-life,

Scorn'd, exiled, baffled, goaded in distress,
She owes her safety to a fearless Press :
With all the freedom that it makes its own,
It guards, alike, the people and their throne ;
While fools with darkling eye-balls shun its gaze,
And soaring villains scorch beneath its blaze.



I am wrapp'd in dismal thoughts!—

THE KING, in *Alf's* well that ends well.

INDIGNATION.

The day will soon come, when 'the Judge and the
Ponderer,'

Will judge between thee, and the charge-daring
'Wanderer;'

Will say—'Thou who cast the first stone at thy wife,
Art thou without sin, and is spotless *thy* life?'

Ah! what if *thy* faults should 'outrival the sloe,'

And thy wife's, beside thine, should look 'whiter
than snow'!

Bethink thee! the old British Lion awoke,
Turns indignant, and treads out thy bag-full of smoke.
Spurn thy minions—the traitors, who counsel thee,
banish;

And the soldiers will quickly forget all their *Spanish!*



"Le Roy le veut!" G. R.

See Blackstone's Com. b. 1. c. 4.

CORONATION.

Shakspeare says, in King John, it's a curse most
abhorrent,

That '*Slaves* take the humours of Kings for a warrant.'

A more *useful* truth never fell from his pen,

If Kings would apply it like sober-bred men.

The Slaves of *your* will,

will make your reign, in History,

A misrule of force, folly, taxing, and mystery :

Indulging your wish for

what, with law, 's incompatible,

For the present, they've render'd your crown

not come-at-able ;

And the tongues of old women and infancy wag,

With, 'He call'd for his crown—and

they gave him the *Bag* !'



So let him stand

Byron.

DEGRADATION.

To this have they brought thee, at last!

Exposed thee, for all men to see!
 Ah, surely, their pandering
 shall quickly be past:—
 ‘How wretched their portion
 shall be!
 ‘Derision shall strike them
 forlorn,
 ‘A mockery that never shall die:
 ‘The curses of hate and the hisses
 of scorn,
 ‘Shall follow wherever they fly;
 ‘And proud o’er their ruin
 for ever be hurl’d,
 ‘The laughter of triumph,
 the jeers of the world!’

THE END



“Cats’ Meat!”

English Cry.



I say, HUM, how fares it with Royalty now?
Is it up?—Is it *prime*?—Is it *spooney*?—or how?

The Fudge Family.

THE JOSS AND HIS FOLLY,

An Extract of an overland Dispatch.

I stare at it from out my casement,
And ask for what is such a place meant.

Byron.

July 29, 1820.

———The queerest of all the queer sights
I've set sight on;—
Is, the *what d'ye-call-t thing*, here,
THE FOLLY at Brighton

The outside—huge teapots,
all drill'd round with holes,
Relieved by extinguishers,
sticking on poles :

The inside—all tea-things,
and dragons, and bells,
The show rooms—all show,
the sleeping rooms—cells.

But the *grand* Curiosity
's not to be seen—

The owner himself—
an old fat MANDARIN ;

A patron of painters
who copy designs,

That grocers and tea-dealers
hang up for signs :

Hence teaboard-taste artists
gain rewards and distinction,

Hence his title of 'TEAPOT'
shall last to extinction.

I saw his great chair
into which he falls—*sozz*—

And sits, in his CHINA SHOP,
like a large Joss ;

His mannikins round him,
in tea-tray array,

His pea-hens beside him,
to make him seem gay.

A whimsical black and white illustration of a fantastical boat. The boat is shaped like a large, ornate teapot with a face and legs, sailing on a sea of water. A large, winged dragon-like creature is at the stern, and a small figure is perched on the teapot's lid. The background features a smiling sun and a small boat in the distance.

D

FINIS.

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